

High Noon at the Battlefield

Royal Hunt

All by myself under the scorching sun
looking around, hoping the hate is gone
Waiting... as for the magic trick to be revealed:
you see, it's high noon at the battlefield - and not a
soul around -
another high noon at the battlefield

Touching the ground, feeling the pain below...
How did it end there? Wish you'll never know
Guarded by this soil as if it was a shield:
you see, it's high noon at the battlefield - I left my
fear behind -
a peaceful high noon...

But not so long ago the wind was strong and freezing cold
while blood was running down that hill
A war like this - you mark my words - can not be put on
hold:
we'll keep on welding our steel
Do you believe that horrors from our distant past
will ever make us change our mind? No way!
Forget the fallen ones - we're in to have a blast,
so all in all we're doing fine.